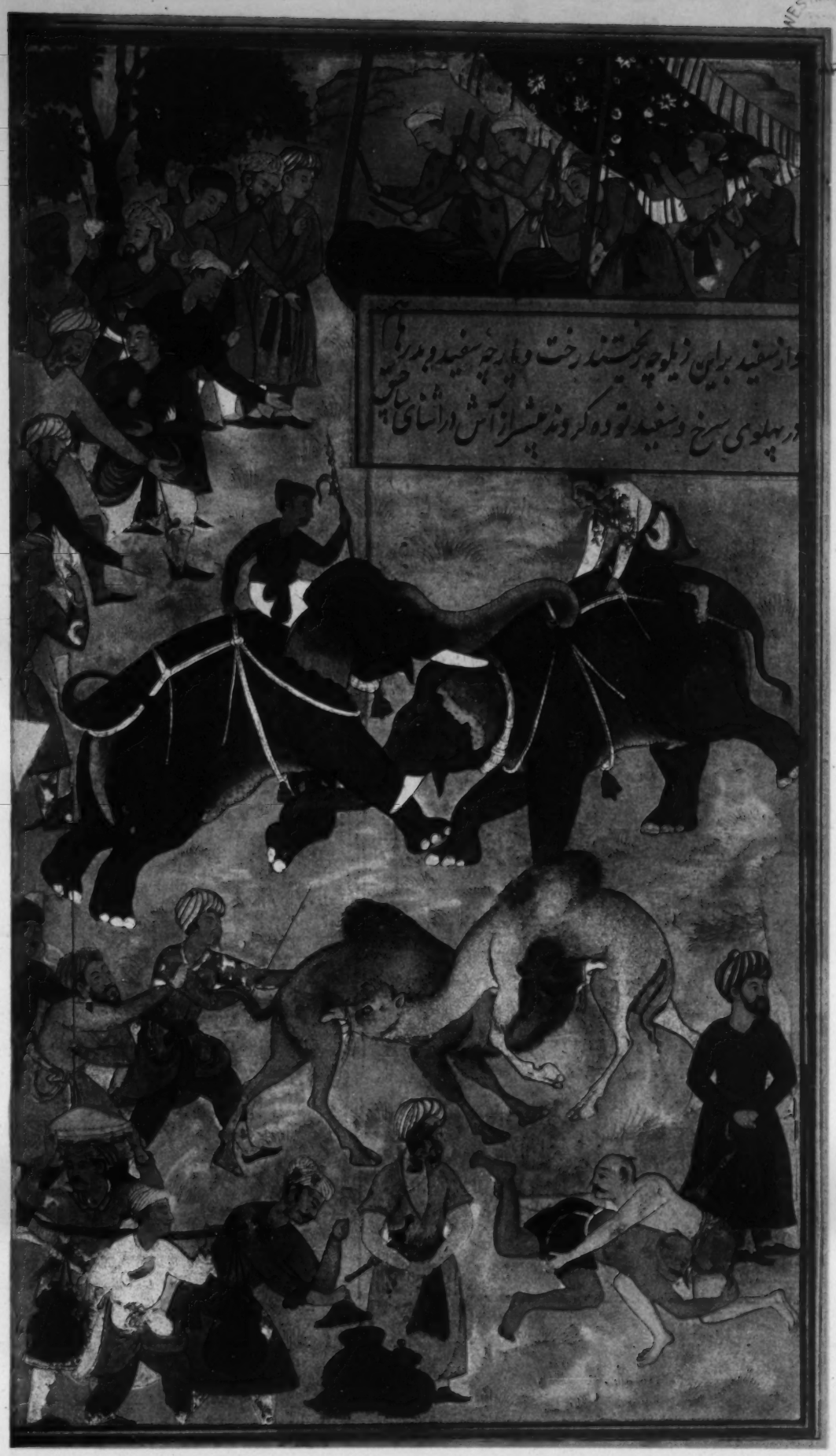
THE ARTS

APRIL 1917

NO. 2.
VOL. 1.

OFFICE OF THE ARTS
ONE GOTHAM COMPANY NEW YORK

IT is a matter of great regret to the editors of *Form* that a confusion of responsibilities led to a misunderstanding of the exact conditions of Mr. Yeats' copyright in his poems published in the first number, and to the consequent infringement of American copyright in them held by the magazine POETRY, published monthly in Chicago. POETRY, which printed these poems in February, 1916, owned the American serial rights, and *Form*, being an international quarterly, could not legally sell its first issue in America except through arrangement with the editor of POETRY. This necessary consent was not obtained. The editors and publishers of *Form* feel that the forbearance of the editors of POETRY in not exercising their rights under the law of copyright evinced good feeling and kindness of the highest order, of which we are thoroughly recognisant.



Sports (an elephant fight and other contests) at Babar's durbar at Agra in 1528.

From the Wāq'iat-i-Bābarī, or Occurrences of Babar.

Artist: Madhu, senior.

From an original painting in the Indian Section, Victoria and Albert Museum.

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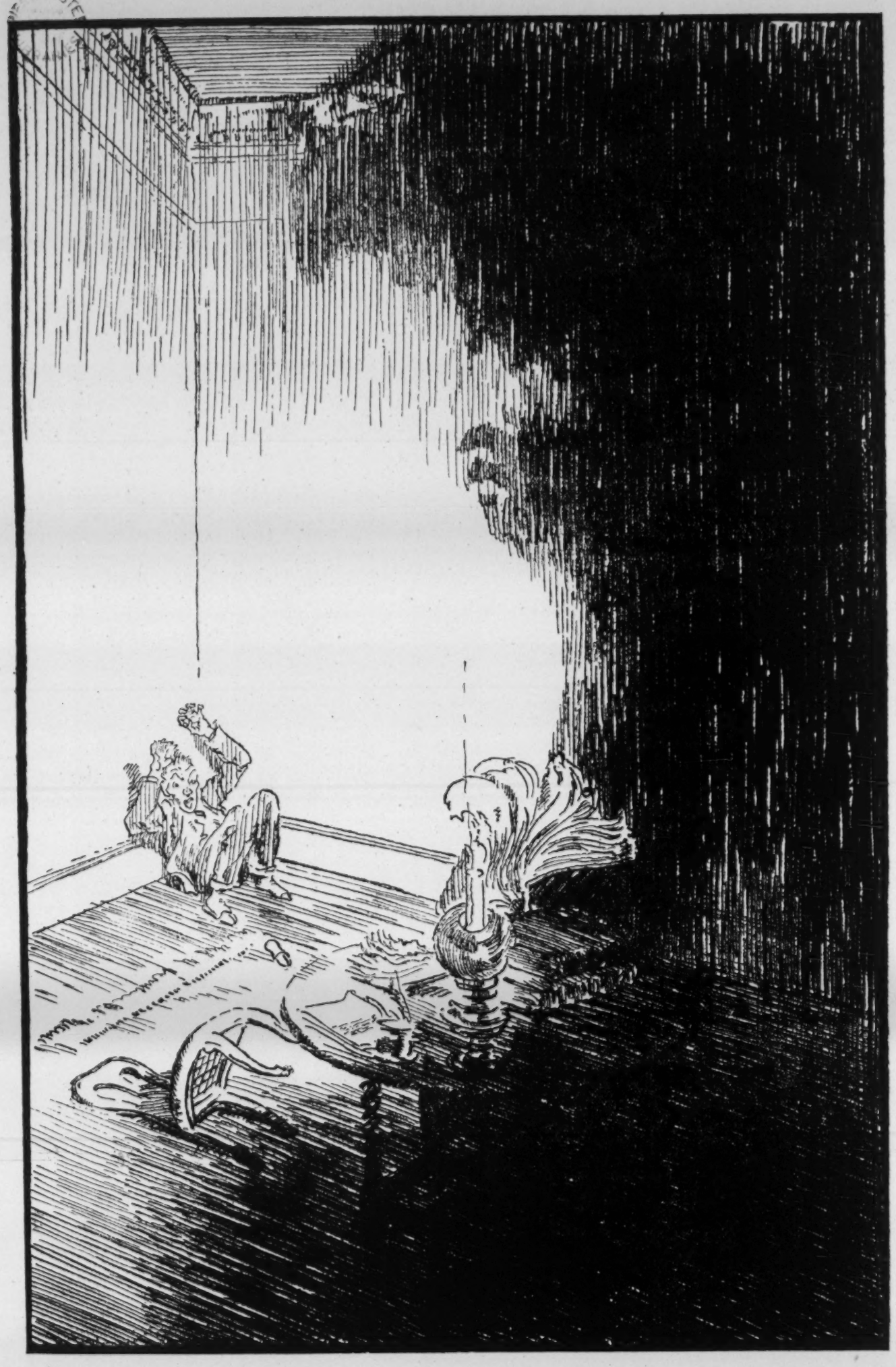

Drawing by Frederick Carter

NNUAL Subscriptions to FORM are invited at the following rates: United Kingdom, British Colonies, £1-4-0, post free; U.S.A. and other countries, £2-0-0 post free; Edition-de-Luxe (50 copies only), all countries, £3-3-0, post free. Purchasers of the Edition-de-Luxe will receive with each issue an additional large etching on hand-made paper. Subscriptions, as also all inquiries respecting advertisements, should be addressed to the Business Manager. MSS. and Drawings may be submitted to the Editor at the same address; no rejected contribution will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. All trade orders are dealt with by John Lane, The Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London, W.1.

THE Conductors of FORM beg to announce that they propose to publish from time to time finely printed editions of modern literature. The first two of these volumes have already been completed. The first is an edition of eight poems by W. B. Yeats. The second volume contains Twelve Poems by J. C. Squire, printed on hand-made paper, with decorations by Austin O. Spare, at 4/- each. Twenty copies bound in vellum, numbered, and autographed by the author and artist, are available at one guinea each. There will also be published shortly an edition-de-luxe of The Little Flowers of St. Francis, with numerous auto-woodcuts by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A. The price will be 10/6 and there will be a limited number of copies bound in vellum and autographed by the artist. All prices are net, and subscriptions are invited at 190 Ebury Street, S.W.1. (All communications to be addressed to the Editor.)

Separate issues of most of the prints in FORM may be obtained, printed on special paper and autographed by the artists. Prices on application.

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FORM

A

QUARTERLY JOURNAL

CONTAINING

POETRY, SKETCHES, ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND CRITICAL INTEREST COMBINED WITH PRINTS, WOODCUTS, LITHOGRAPHS, CALLIGRAPHY, DECORATIONS AND INITIALS

EDITED BY
AUSTIN O. SPARE AND FRANCIS MARSDEN

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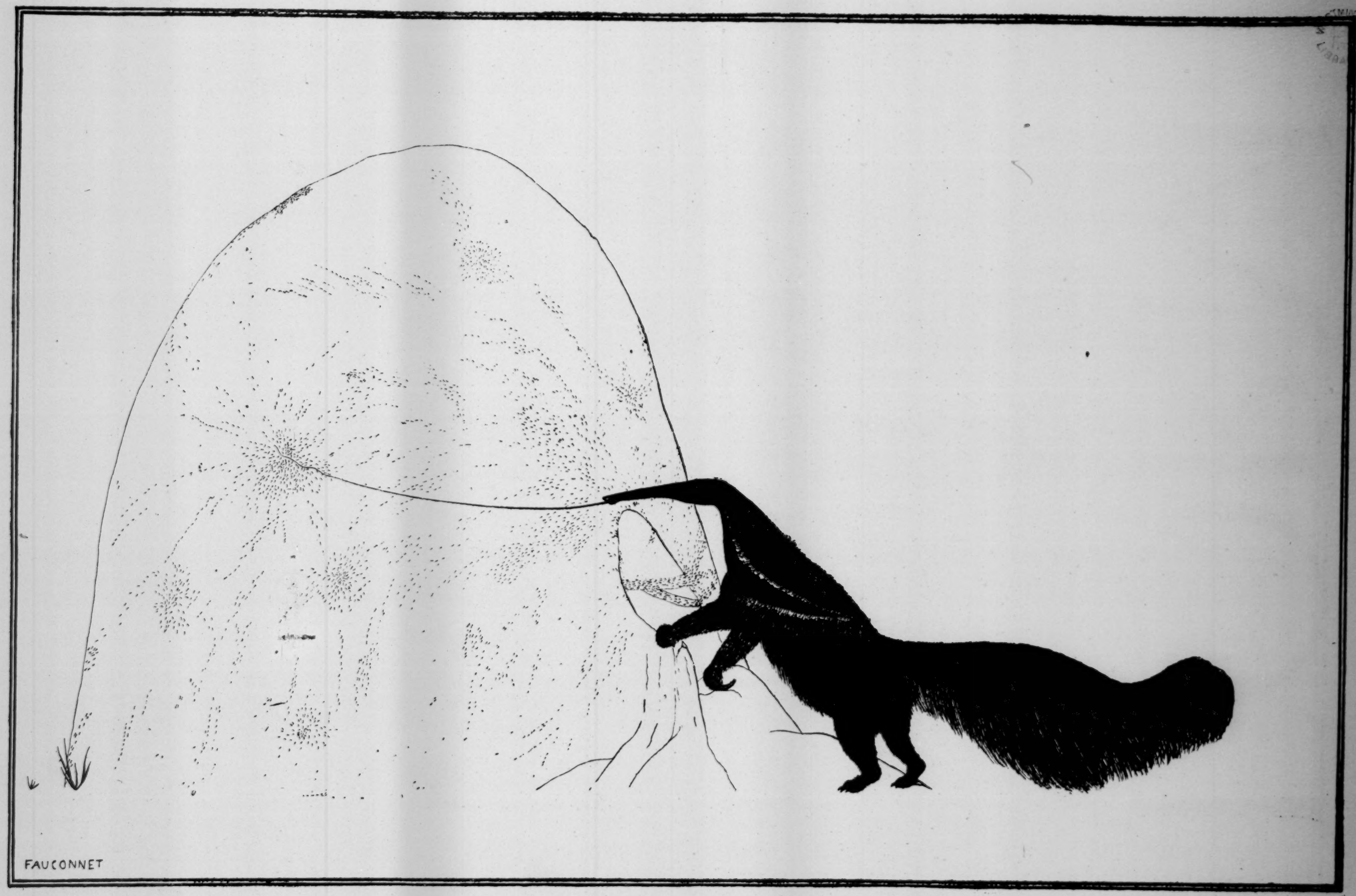

Drawing by Fauconnet

FORM AND SUBSTANCE

BY

CHARLES MARRIOTT

AT a time of general disorder one turns for inspiration to the tools and materials of the craft; and it was a word, the name of this Quarterly, that set me writing. "Form" is a bold word to appear on any page. It stands for the extreme of everything that we call revolutionary, because it claims to establish the realities obscured by custom. Whether in life or art Form is discovered and established only by following the line of least resistance. Herein it differs from forms, which result from obstructing life with opinions. And since the line of least resistance is

Form and Substance

the hardest thing in the world to discover, Form is rare and forms are many. How hard to discover is the line of least resistance in life, and the importance of discovering it, is the common theme of all religions. "Consider the lilies," "Cast thy bread upon the waters," "Thy burden upon the Lord," "In the service of God is perfect freedom," all these, and a hundred sayings from the wisdom of the East, not to speak of such semi-religious utterances as Wordsworth's "wise passivity" and Francis Thompson's "Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive," are encouragements to the quest; and they all assume for end the most complete reality, the most perfect Form, of which man is capable: the Image of God.

IT is the same in government; the aim of the reformer being always to make the State more and more like man; more truly representative of his nature and needs. In government, as in religion, forms are the half-way houses, in which the weak and timid and perverse take refuge and cry: "Lo, this is the end of the journey." It makes no difference whether they are established forms or forms of dissent; they are excretions from life by the chemistry of opinion; and the reason why the real reformer is impatient of "isms" is that he recognises that they hinder pursuit of that Form which is the perfect and complete expression of life.

IN practice, if not in theory, the identity of Form with effortless expression is recognised in most human affairs. The aim of athletic training is to discover and confirm not the most difficult but the easiest way of using the body; and the application of the word "Form" to bodily fitness is an unconscious recognition of this truth. Progress in material science is along the line of least resistance by a more and more sympathetic understanding of the nature of things. It is the same in the application of science; progress being always in a more direct approach to the sources of energy. The most striking difference between an electric motor and the "Rocket" is in the comparative elimination of machinery. The older engine is a nightmare of forms; the modern a comparative approach to pure Form, an image of the energy that moves the machine. Thus, in many kinds of human activity, moral and material, we see that progress is the disappearance of forms in Form, as the line of least resistance is more closely followed.

By Charles Marriott

THIS distinction, say rather this external opposition, between Form and forms in life should help us to understand the true meaning of Form in art. It is often said against an artist that he has imposed an arbitrary design upon Nature. Much more probably he has imposed an arbitrary design upon his materials. The things of Nature can be arranged a hundred ways without any prejudice to reality, to Form; but the least violation of the nature of things destroys Form, though it may produce ingenious forms. Form cannot be dissociated from substance, though it may bear little apparent relation to the subject represented. Forms, on the other hand, mimic the subject but violate the material; since it is impossible to imitate in one substance the Form of another without some sin against the nature of things. "There is one glory of the sun—" but I cannot remember the passage or where it comes from.

HOWEVER much we may hide it from ourselves, and whatever ingenious or elaborate euphemisms we may substitute for the name of God, there is only one purpose in art: to discover the Creator in the creature by revealing its true Form. Nor does this mean a limitation of subject. "Omnia Opera" is one of the truest pieces of art criticism ever written, and there is not a single syllable of the hymn of praise that cannot be spelt in stone or clay or bronze or pigment by him who understands their languages. The prohibition of graven images was a piece of artistic purism; and insistence on the superiority of Form to forms. It was not forbidden to set up a stone, because a stone set up is liker God than is a carving of the human figure — unless it really express the nature of stone. Why this craving for likeness? The word for "man" or "woman" is different in a dozen different languages; yet the idea expressed and understood is the same in all. Why then should we expect similarity in the idea of man or woman as expressed in a dozen different materials? There is guidance for art in the central mystery of religion: the Word made stone or bronze or paint; conceived in that substance.

Form and Substance

THE identity of Form with complete and perfect expression of substance is commonly recognised. Only the other day a book was written to show that the art of the East was mainly concerned with Colour, that of the West with Form. The truth is that we in the West have a very elementary regard for Form, though we are clever at inventing and imitating forms. We bend materials to our will; we do not give them expression. The art of the East is a patient waiting upon Form. What is it that strikes one in looking at a Chinese painting or carving? Surely it is the subordination of the subject represented to the characteristic Form of the substance employed; or, rather, the identity of subject with substance in a new Form—as the Word was made Flesh. It is as if the artist had said to the jade or bronze or ivory or ink "How would you say 'man' or 'pheasant' or 'horse' or 'peony'?" and then did on more than remove with careful craftsmanship the hindrances to characteristic expression. This is the true meaning of all those legends of the statue found within the block; and the highest compliment that can be paid to any sculptor is to say that his work is very like stone.

HERE, then, is the answer to the much debated question whether progress is possible in art. Only by following the line of least resistance in the nature of things towards a closer and closer identity of Form with substance. The greater number of things, and the more sympathetic understanding of their natures, opens the way to progress. Not otherwise is progress in life, public or private. Even in religious life the Image of God can only be recovered through a more sympathetic understanding of the nature of man. The connection between religion and art is not in choice of subject; it is in the nature of the process. All creation is the same. It comes not of opinion, established or rebellious, but by brooding over the materials, as God brooded over Chaos.

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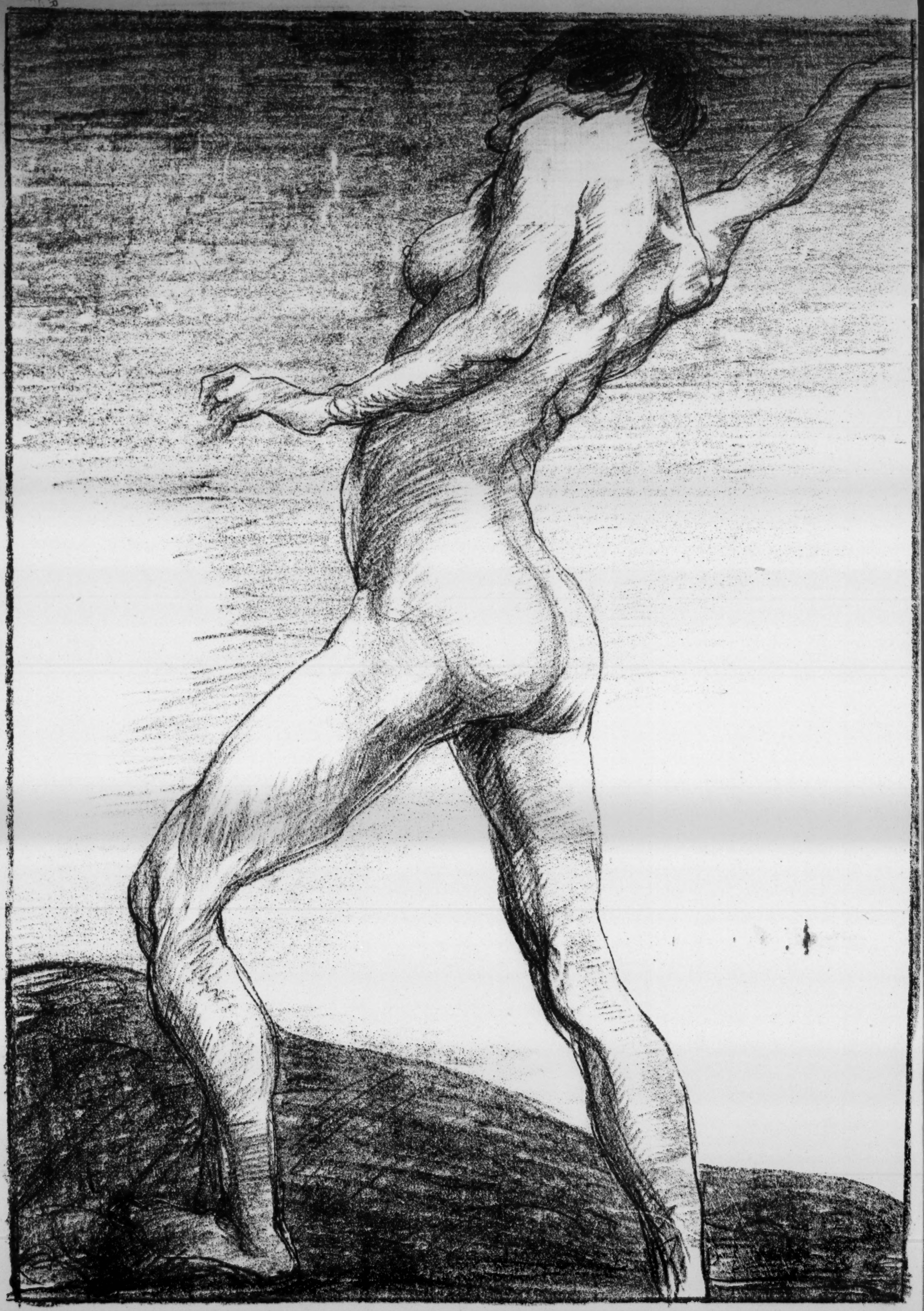


Poems by Francis Burrows

MOONRISE

WHEN all was dark except for her,
The moon arose above the sea;
She cast a moving causey there
With flames of gold, and carried me
Towards her prisoner.

And grieved at first, I cried out thus:—
"So wast thou lovely ere our birth,
So mad'st the same sea tremulous.
Thus wilt thou rise, when we are earth,
On others, not on us."

But suddenly my fear was gone,
When aught within me bowed my soul
To worship at what seemed her throne.
Maybe 'twas his who does control
Her orbit and our own.

REQUIEM

THE storm is scattered and the rain
Which with one fury levelled all.
The pulse of nature throbs again
In simple protest at her fall.

The flowers fold up their heads in slumber,
The day hath flower-like closed its eye.
The stars are shining without number,
The fire-rent moon swims in the sky.

And he who journeyed without cover
Throughout the storm, was overcome.
And now its fury is blown over,
Is left subservient and dumb.

Through all his crushed expanse of soul
And forests of imagination,
One humble flower remaineth whole
Surviving still by resignation—

"Friend die thou also. Neither fear nor grieve to die.
All that is pleasant, noble, lovely, springs from earth
Doomed to destruction by resistless spear at hand,
Or by secret arrow none hath knowledge whence or when.
For its very beauty lies in its mortality.
Thou supplicatest mercy kneeling at my feet,
Fearing the impendence of my spear? Nay, wrong me not.
Though more than mortal is my parentage, and they
Men called immortal are my kindred, yet my doom
Is awhile to linger, only take thou thyself,
Home-seeking, homeless, filled with unfulfilled desire,
Then with my kindred to the unhallowed place and void
To pass forgotten; while the seasons change on earth,
While night precedes day, while the years as hitherto
Wheel on in task hereafter. Seek no longer life;
They must, who doomed thee, also die. Consider them
Unwilling judges. Only speechless fate abides."

AT A SYMPHONY

Silence, O beloved, O imperishable instruments,
Rend us thus no longer with your overwhelming eloquence;
Let the noble melodist who roused you also bid you cease
And yield again to our sun-smitten storm-wracked cloud-borne spirits peace.
For you have dragged them from their caverns where they comfortably lay,
To fling them in the bleaching tempest and the brightness of the day,
From their bodies torn with violence, and with rapture borne afar,
And driven headlong with the speed of light that shoots from star to star.
Plunged in meteoric splendours, gathered to cyclonic streams,
Borne on stranger pinions than are fancied in unquiet dreams.
It is enough to satisfy us, more than this none living knows,
That the character in human kind embodied shines and glows
With a wealth of light and heat sufficient for our daily needs;
It is nothing to us whither it departs or whence proceeds.
When you adumbrate the existence thus of souls beyond our sense,
Beyond our power to conceive them; human with this difference

Poems by A. L. Huxley

Where hidden notes the forest throng.
The ancient forest lives again
And dies before the joy and pain
Of living in such harmony
As here in human heart is free.

GILBERT CANNAN

MOLE

UNNELLED in solid blackness creeps
The old mole-soul, and wakes or sleeps
He knows not which, but tunnels on
Through ages of oblivion;
Until at last the long constraint
Of each-hand wall is lost, and faint
Comes daylight creeping from afar,
And mole-work grows crepuscular.
Tunnel meets air and bursts; mole sees
Men hugely walking . . . or are they trees?
And far horizons smoking blue,
And chasing clouds for ever new;
Green hills, like lighted lamps aglow
Or quenching 'neath the cloud-shadow;
Quenching and blazing turn by turn,
Spring's great green signals fitfully burn.
Mole travels on, but finds the steering
A harder task of pioneering
Than when he thridded through the strait
Blind catacombs that ancient fate
Had carved for him. Stupid and dumb
And blind and touchless he had come
A way without a turn; but here,
Under the sky, the passenger
Chooses his own best way; and mole
Distracted wanders, yet his hole
Regrets not much wherein he crept,
But runs, a joyous nympholept,
This way and that, by all made mad—
River nymph and oread,
Ocean's daughters and Lorelei,
Combing the silken mystery,
The glaucous gold of her rivery tresses—
Each haunts the traveller, each possesses
The drunken wavering soul awhile;
Then with a phantom's cock-crow smile
Mocks craving with sheer vanishment.
Mole-eyes grow hawk's: knowledge is lent
In grudging driblets that pay high,
Unconscionable usury
To unrelenting life, Mole learns
To travel more secure; the turns
Of his long way less puzzling seem,
And all those magic forms that gleam
In airy invitation cheat
Less often than they did of old.
The earth slopes upward, fold on fold
Of quiet hills that meet the gold
Serenity of western skies.
Over the world's edge with clear eyes
Our mole transcendent sees his way
Tunnelled in light : he must obey
Necessity again and thrid
Close catacombs as erst he did,
Fate's tunnellings, himself must bore
Thorough the sunset's inmost core.
The guiding walls to each-hand shine
Luminous and crystalline;
And mole shall tunnel on and on,
Till night let fall oblivion.

QUOTIDIAN VISION

THERE is a sadness in the street,
And sullenly the folk I meet
Droop their heads as they walk along,
Without a smile, without a song.
A mist of cold and muffling grey
Falls, fold by fold, on another day
That dies unwept. But suddenly,

and Harold Massingham

Under a tunnelled arch I see
On flank and haunch the chestnut gleam
Of horses in a lamplit steam;
And the dead world moves for me once more
With beauty for its living core.

A. L. HUXLEY

TWO REALITIES

A WAGGON passed with scarlet wheels
And a yellow body, shining new.
"Splendid!" said I. "How fine it feels
To be alive, when beauty peels
The grimy husk from life." And you

Said, "Splendid!" and I thought you'd seen
That waggon blazing down the street;
But I looked and saw that your gaze had been
On a child that was kicking an obscene,
Brown ordure with his feet.

Our souls are elephants, thought I,
Remote behind a prisoning grill,
With trunks thrust out to peer and pry
And pounce upon reality;
And each at his own sweet will

Seizes the bun that he likes best
And passes over all the rest.

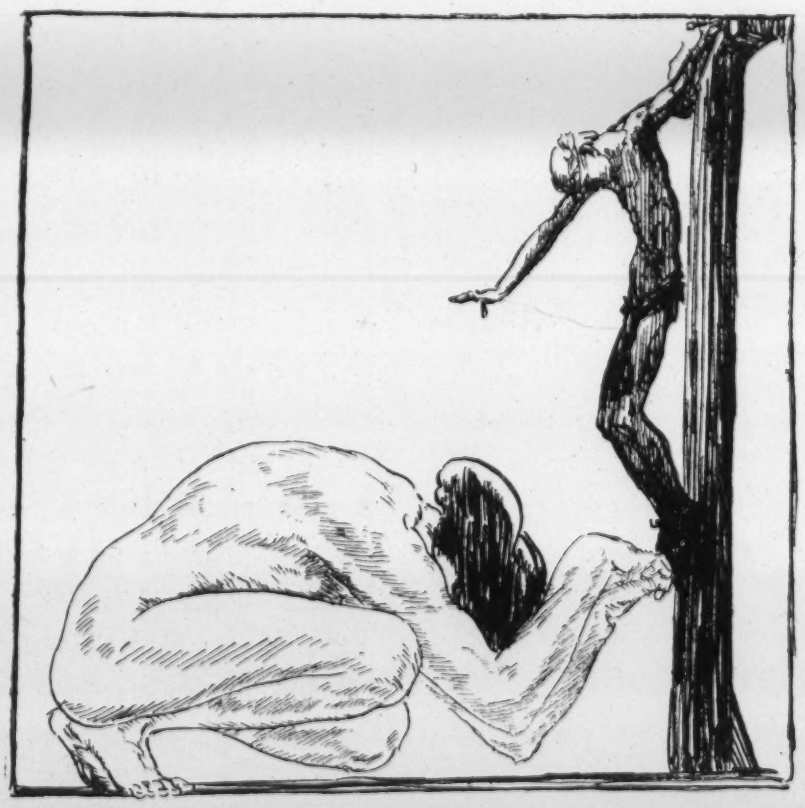
A. L. HUXLEY

BIBLYSIUM

WE sleep beneath the eternal morn,
Or wake, whene'er the title-page
The herald of our loves and joys
Blows his enchanting horn.

Like mottled calf, among the trees
With leaves well-margined, splash the rays
O' the sun, the first edition
Of this our Paradise.
No envious night can lower upon
Th' Initials swaying in the breeze,
The quarto browsing on the turf,
The budding colophon.
The woodcuts flute their simple lay
In cloistered peace, unmindful where
Prowl tusky, huge and pachyderm
The incunabula.
Aldus with anchor hooks lobbestere
And salts his catch with Pickering,
And ale into the beaker pours
The gentle Elzevir;
Old Stephan culls the plumpest fruit,
Plantin will brew us savory herbs,
And Baskerville with opiate flowers
Entwine his psalming lute.
No storms we fear, no cares we know,
Recline we on the folioge
And crown us with the octavo bays
'Neath the duodecimo.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM



Poems by G. Plunkett, J. Freeman,

IRIS

To such delicious music
runs your being
You seem poised as a bird
upon the wave,
Floating through ether,
lighted on a spray—
Nay, so your will can wing you, to our seeing,
With every fluttering motion we grow grave,
Fearing you vanish fairily away.

You may not part the hearts that you awaken,
Dear spirit of the lambent flame of thought,
While to a home unseen trembles your smile;
Wanting you earth were but a nest forsaken—
O rapturous wings! into your eddies caught
Like leaves, we follow you to your happy isle!

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT

THE WISH

That you might happier be than all the rest,
Than I who have been happy loving you,
Of all the innocent ev'n the happiest—
This I beseeched for you.

Until I thought of those unending skies—
Of stagnant cloud, or fleckless dull blue air,
Of days and nights delightless, no surprise,
No threat, no sting, no fear;

And of the stirless waters of the mind,
Waveless, unfurrowed, of no living hue,
With dead leaves dropping slowly in no wind,
And nothing flowering new.

And then no more I wished you happiness,
But that whatever fell of joy or woe
I would not dare, O sweet, to wish it less,
Or wish you less than you.

JOHN FREEMAN

THE POND

Gray were the rushes
Beside the budless bushes,
Green-patched the pond.
The lark had left soaring
Though yet the sun was pouring
His gold here and beyond.

Bramble-branches held me,
But had they not compelled me
Yet had I lingered there,
Hearing the frogs and then
Watching the water-hen
That stared back at my stare.

There amid the bushes
Were blackbird's nests and thrush's,
Soon to be hidden.
In leaves on green leaves thickening,
Boughs over long boughs quickening,
Swiftly, unforbidden.

The lark had left singing
But song all round was ringing,
As though the rushes
Were sighingly repeating
And mingling that most sweet thing
With the sweet notes of thrushes.

That sweetness rose all round me,
But more than sweetness bound me,
A spirit stirred;
Shadowy and cold it neared me,
Then shrank as if it feared me—
But 'twas I that feared.

JOHN FREEMAN

TIME FROM HIS GRAVE

When the south west wind came
The air grew bright and sweet, as though a flame
Had cleansed the world of winter. The low sky
As the wind lifted it rose trembling vast and high,
And white clouds sallied by
As children in their pleasure go
Chasing the sun beneath the orchard's shadow and snow.
Nothing, nothing was the same!
Not the dull brick, not the stained London stone,
Not the delighted trees that lost their moan—
Their moan that daily vexed me with such pain
Until I hated to see trees again;
Nor man nor woman was the same
Nor could be stones again,
Such light and colour with the south west came.
As I drank all that brightness up I saw
A dark globe lapt in fold on fold of gloom,
With all her hosts asleep in that cold tomb,
Sealed by an iron law.
And there amid the hills,
Locked in an icy hollow lay the bones
Of one that ghostly and enormous slept
Obscure 'neath wrinkled ice and bedded stones.
But as spring water the old dry channel fills,

W. H. Davies and F. Carter

Came the south west wind filling all the air.
Then Time rose up, ghostly, enormous, stark,
And all that Life puts forth to Life shall come again.
With cold gray light in cold gray eyes, and dark
Dark clouds caught round him, feet to rigid chin.
The wind ran flushed and glorious in,
Godlike from hill to frozen hill-top stepp'd,
And swiftly upon that bony stature swept.
Then a long breath and then quick breaths I heard,
In those black caves of stillness music stirred,
Those icy heights were riven:
From crown to clearing hollow grass was green;
And godlike from flushed hill to hill-top leapt
Time, youthful, quick, serene,
Dew flashing from limbs, light from his eyes
To the sheeny skies.
A lark's song climbed from earth and dropped from
heaven,
Far off the tide clung to the shore
Now silent nevermore.
. . . Into what vision'd wonder was I swept,
Upon what unimaginable joyance had I leapt!

JOHN FREEMAN

POINT AND MORDANT

WHAT have we in this iron age?
What have we in this land of care?
Naught to enjoy, naught to assuage,
Far less destroy, our black despair.

Our days of living are not long
Our tree of life is blown and bare,
There is small pleasure in a song
Written in pain to print with care
In black and red our deep despair.

We scribble scrabble on a page;
Our leaves of folly here and there
May flutter this sick age's rage;
But what are we to know or care
That they are smug—or we despair.

The painful penline's bitter gage
Is copper coin, but I know where
A plate of copper may be found
To give the mordant chance to bite
Through dark asphaltum's waxen ground;
To print a proof and give to light
The steel point's tale of our despair.

FREDERICK CARTER

WHAT THOUGHTS ARE MINE

WHAT thoughts are mine when she is gone,
And I sit dreaming here alone:
My fingers are the little people
That climb her breast to its red steeple;
And, there arrived, they play until
She wakes and murmurs——"Love, be still."

She is the patient, loving mare,
And I'm the colt to pull her hair;
She is the deer, and my desire
Pursues her like a forest fire;
She is the child, and does not know
What a fierce bear she calls "bow-wow."

But Lord, when her sweet self is near,
These very thoughts cause all my fear;
I sit beneath her quiet sense,
And each word fears its consequence:
So, "puss, puss, puss!" I cry. At that
I hang my head and stroke the cat.

W. H. DAVIES

CONFESSION

ONE hour in every hundred hours,
I sing of childhood, birds and flowers:
Who reads my character in song,
Will not see much in me that's wrong.
But in my ninety hours and nine,
I would not tell what thoughts are mine:
They're not so pure as find their words
In songs of childhood, flowers and birds.

W. H. DAVIES

Poem by T. Sturge Moore

VALUE AND EXTENT.

The more they peer through lenses at the night,
The finer they split rays of stellar light,
The vaster their estimates
Of distances, of movements, and of weights!

The stupour of this unimagined size
Like a mole's eyelid palls the keenest eyes.
Yea, like unearthed moles,
We, by truth tortured, writhe outside those holes—

Dark homely galleries of confined thought,
Whose utmost reach must now be held as naught
Compared with that grand space
Which those unlike us may superbly grace.

Substance more subtle, forms of comelier growth,
Diviner minds, nothing but mental sloth
Prevents us thus to bid
Against the size revealed, with worth still hid.

No reason can be urged why all this room
Should hold no more life than, within a tomb,
The first small worm that stirs;
For all known life is less in the universe.

Undreamable communications, sun
To sun, may be the hourly routes they run,
Swifter even than light,
On business purer than a child's delight.

Not that I can, like scornful Plato, fear
Our fine things but poor copies of true worth;
Proportioned to this earth,
There thrill and shape small genuine glories here.

T. STURGE MOORE

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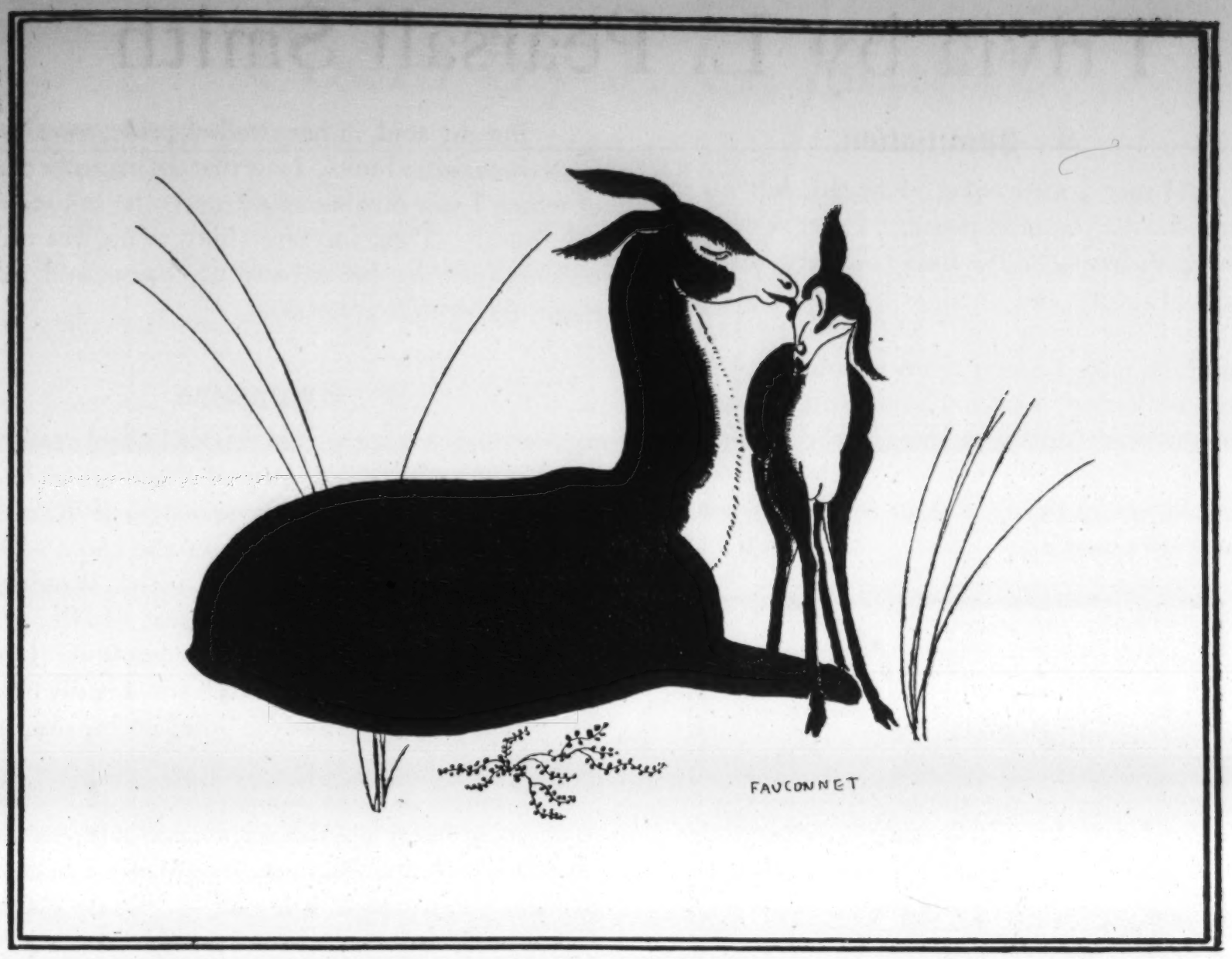

TRIVIA

By L. PEARSALL SMITH

I. Infection.

HOW on earth is one to keep free of those mental microbes that worm-eat people's brains, those theories, enthusiasms and infectious doctrines that one is always liable to catch from what seem the most innocuous contacts? People go about simply laden with germs; they breathe creeds and convictions on you whenever they open their mouths. Wherewithal then shall a young man cleanse his way—how shall he keep his mind immune from theosophical speculations and novel schemes of salvation? How can he be sure that he won't be suddenly struck down by the fever of funerals or of Spelling Reform, or take to his bed with a new Sex Theory?

But is this struggle for mental immunity, for a healthy mind in a maggoty universe, after all really worth while? Are there not soporific dreams and sweet deliriums more soothing than Reason? If transmigation can make clear the dark problem of Evil; if Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy can free us from the dominion of Death; if the belief that Bacon wrote Shakespeare gives a peace that the world cannot give, why pedantically reject their kindly solace? Why not be led with the others by still waters, and be made to lie down in green pastures?

Trivia by L. Pearsall Smith

II. Humiliation.

"I met a man once," I began, but no one listened. At the next pause, "I met a man—" I remarked, but again the loud talk went on. Some one told a story, and when the laughter had ended, "Once I met a man who," I said, but on looking round the table I could catch no attentive eye. It was humiliating, but more humiliating the prompt thought that Sophocles and Goethe would have always commanded attention, while the want of it could not in the least have troubled Pascal or Abraham Lincoln.

III. High Life.

Although that immense country house was empty and for sale, and I had got an order to view it, I needed all my courage to walk through the heraldic gates and up the great avenue, and then to ring the door-bell. And when I was ushered in, and shutters were taken down to let daylight into the vast apartments, I sneaked through them, cursing the dishonest curiosity which had brought me into a place where I had no business. But I was treated with such deference and so plainly regarded as a possible purchaser, that I gained confidence. I began to act the part, and soon came to believe in the opulence imputed to me. From all the novels describing the mysterious and glittering life of the Great which I had read (and I had read many) there came to me a vision of my own existence in this palace: I filled the vast space with the shine of jewels and stir of voices; I watched ladies sweeping in their tiaras down the splendid stairs.

But my soul, in her swell of pride, soon outgrew these paltry limits. I saw that the magnificence of which I was capable could never be housed in this hovel. Thus for one thing there was only stabling for forty horses; and of course, as I told them, this would never do.

IV. Symptoms.

"But there are certain people I simply cannot stand—a dreariness and sense of death come over me when I meet them. It seems as if I could hardly breathe when they are in the room—as if they had pumped all the air out of it. Wouldn't it be dreadful to produce that sort of effect on people? But they never seem to know it. I remember once meeting a famous bore—I really must tell you about it, it shows the unbelievable obtuseness of such people."

I talked on about my experience and sensations with great gusto, until suddenly, in the appearance of my charming neighbour I became aware of something a little odd—a slightly glazed look in her lovely eyes, a just noticeable irregularity in her breathing. . .

V. Consolation.

The other day, depressed on the underground, I tried to cheer myself up by thinking over the joys of the human lot. But there wasn't one of them for which I seemed to care a hang—not wine, nor friendship, nor eating, nor making love, nor the consciousness of virtue . . . . Was it worth while then going up in a crowded lift into a world that had nothing less trite to offer?

Then I thought of reading. The nice and subtle happiness of reading. This was enough, this joy not dulled by Age, this polite and unpunished vice, this selfish, serene, life-long intoxication.

VI. A Fancy.

More than once I have pleased myself with the notion that somewhere there is Good Company which will like these sketches; these thoughts (if I may call them so) dipped up from that phantasmagoria or phosphorescence which, by some unexplained process of combustion, flickers over the large lump of soft grey matter in the bowl of my skull.

Poem by J. C. Squire

IN DARKNESS

WITH my sleeping beloved huddled tranquil beside me, why do I lie awake,
Listening to the loud clock's hurry in the darkness, and feeling my heart's fierce ache
That beats one response to the brain's many questionings, and in solitude bears the weight
Of all the world's evil and misery and frustration and the senseless pressure of fate?

Is it season of ploughing and sowing, this vigil, that so certainly it recurs?
In this unsought return of a pain that was ended, is it here that a song first stirs?
Can it be that from this, when to-night's gone from memory, there will spring of a sudden, some time,
Like a silver lily breaking from black deadly waters, the thin-blown shape of a rhyme?

J. C. Squire

Woodcut

by Frank Brangwyn

Poems

THE LAKE

I am a lake, altered by every wind.
The mild South breathes upon me, and I spread
A dance of merry ripples in the sun.
The West comes stormily and I am troubled,
My waves conflict and black depths show between them.
Under the East wind bitter I grow and chill,
Slate - coloured, desolate, hopeless. But when blows
A steady wind from the North my motion ceases;
I am frozen smooth and hard; my conquered surface
Returns the skies' cold light without a comment.
I make no sound, nor can I: nor can I show
What depth I have, if any depth, below.

J. C. SQUIRE

PARADISE LOST

What hues the sunlight had, how rich the shadows were,
The blue and tangled shadows dropped from the crusted branches
Of the warped apple-trees upon the orchard grass.

How heavenly pure the blue of two smooth eggs that lay
Light on the rounded mud that lined the thrush's nest:
And what a deep delight the spots that speckled them.

And that small tinkling stream that ran from hedge to hedge,
Shadowed over by the trees and glinting in the sunbeams:
How clear the water was, how flat the beds of sand
With travelling bubbles mirrored, each one a golden world
To my enchanted eyes. Then earth was new to me.

But now I walk that earth as it were a lumber-room,
And sometimes live a week seeing nothing but mere herbs,
Mere stones, mere passing birds; nor look at anything
Long enough to feel its conscious calm assault,
The strength of it, the word, the royal heart of it.
Childhood will not return, but have I not the will
To strain my turbid mind, that soils all outer things,
And, open again to all the miracles of light,
To see the world with the eyes of a blind man gaining sight?

J. C. SQUIRE

"SWEET DAY, SO FAIR, SO CALM, SO BRIGHT."

"The distant trees like little towns,
The sea as thousand rivers wide,
Clouds voyaging a bluer sea,
And bound to an unfathomed main
And lands more rich than Taprobane—
Beaumont and Fletcher by my side.

"Ultimate day! in which these trees
Grow steeples of Jerusalem,
In which the spirit-stretching sea
Washes the shores of Avilon,
To whose last rest these clouds have gone
And stuck their anchors in its beam.

"Earth's day! I pluck your flying skirts,
Though swift the shadow-hounds pursue;
Oh, stay and light this ancient page
And keep the huntsman night at bay;
That I may feign the immortal day
With peace, this folio and you."

HAROLD MASSINGHAM

FROM the cold earth snowdrops peep
And from its enchanted sleep
Love in me is softly waking
Softly, softly waking.

Larks go soaring to the skies
And bid the laggard Spring arise.
Love in me is faintly springing,
Faintly, faintly springing.

O my love be patient still,
With the dancing daffodil,
Love, I am surely coming,
Surely, surely coming

GILBERT CANNAN

THE SINGLE EYE

By IVOR BROWN

THAT wild and solitary monster the Cyclops Polypheme, whose savage blinding at Ulysses' hand Homer has so magically sung, was marked in the centre of his forehead with one huge and lonely eye. Vast he was, gluttonous, brutish and uncouth. Knowing no laws respecting God nor Good he nurtured in his lusty bosom no less a tumult that did Etna his fire-hearted home. Yet, grim as the whole aspect must have seemed to the affrighted traveller of the myth, surely the most sinister and frightful feature of this monster was that single eye, rolling in its immense socket and tracking down with relentless scrutiny the erring flocks and herds.

MAN modern, man civilised, man progressive—for so the cant phrases run—bears in many ways a vivid similarity to the portentous Polypheme. For he is a giant now in numbers and in power, vast in his violence and monstrous in his material prowess. Herdsman of plenteous flocks and lord of all land and sea, he plies a strong tyranny upon the forces of nature and mulcts her of all deep-stored treasure. With the skill of his hand and with his cunning wit he has mastered the elements and harnessed the winds and rivers. Colossal he towers in the might of his machinery. He too like Cyclops, has strength without order and lust without law. He has the virtue of the giant, which is power, and the vice of the giant, which is coarseness. The march of civilisation is as clumsy and ferocious as the shambling gait of the ogre: it crushes the tender plant and tramples on the tender shoot. Our simile, however, can be yet more closely drawn when we think of the lonely eye, the forehead's glaring orb. For material progress had its own peculiar vision and its sight is keen.

WHO that has looked upon the works of man can doubt the victory of that vision, the triumph of research? Reason is a tool of double handling. Either it may consider ends, ponder values, and probe the deep mysteries of life, or else it may work in the world of means,

The Single Eye

debating, not the why and the whither, but the formal how. Thus the human soul should have two eyes, the eye that looks within and the eye that looks without. It needs both wisdom and prudence, insight and cunning. But humanity, in its mighty march of the ages, has allowed the light of one eye to fade away, while the other has grown rich with usage and terrible in its triumph. Beyond all dispute the modern man has prudence and skill without stint. He can so contrive that all the treasures of the world pour interest into his lap and all the hidden places of the universe yield up their plenty. Where the great eye of science turns, there it describes with infinite success the complex and the minute. It numbers the stars and marks their courses: it knows the flowers and the coming and the going of the beasts, the mysteries of stone and soil. By knowledge comes power and the mastery of steam and electricity. The same great eye can design a conquest of the skies, great air-ships and the wireless flashing of messages.

AND yet this eye, however great and keen, is a single eye. The man of progress is no richer in sight than the monstrous Polypheme. While in one way he can see all things, in another he can see nothing. Wide and far he can see the surface of the world: but he cannot see below the surface, so that the meaning and the value of his vision is lost to him. For as the huge eye of prudence swells and whirls, the little eye of wisdom and of insight fades and withers away. Man ever makes and fashions and plans, never asking the cause or the end. In the mad rush of barter none stops to question why men should want greater and greater wealth, greater and greater empires, shops, steamers, air-ships, and armaments. The huge eye goes on with its gaze and there is no little eye to watch the gazer. Thus Science, whom man took to himself as a hand-maid, has become a grey and venerable major-domo, a tyrant in the house whom none may cross. Machines too, that were to save our labours, have left us labouring harder than ever. Man is always engaging a servant and always finding a master: always making a machine for his help and finding it to be an idol for his domination. That is because he has lost his feel of proportion and his common sense: he is always thinking and never taking thought. For, as the single eye that looks to means grows yet more powerful, the eye of wisdom that looks to ends has utterly been darkened.

ULYSSES, tempest-tossed and battered, came to the cave of Polypheme and found him a gross, unsavoury being. So too a stranger comes to the cave of civilisation and finds man progressive as little to his liking. And man, like the ogre of the myth, would devour this new and pestilent invader. He has no relish for critics of his grossness, paltry people who refuse to be awed by the power of the single eye. In truth this adventurer is a dangerous, disconcerting fellow, a revolutionary, a giant-killer. He must be stamped out or devoured.

FOR Ulysses the plight was perilous, but it was simple. To escape he had merely to destroy. To destroy he struck at the single eye. With a red-hot and sizzling stake he thrust at the repulsive orb and charred it to a shapeless, cindered mass. So the eye failed and from the blinded, writhing monster flight was made possible, though yet another ruse was demanded to escape the wild blows of sightless fury. But for the stranger in man's cave there is no such simple release. His task is not to blind and blot out the strong eye of Science and of Prudence: it is to evolve the withered eye of Insight and of Wisdom, so that with harmonious vision man may view means and ends together and remain the master of his machines, the lord of his own tools and implements.

THOSE who would have recourse to sabotage and who would tear machinery from its metal roots, those who would withdraw from the world of material progress and live in the anarchy of solitude, those who would utterly break down and burn the existing thing in art, in letters, in faith, in society, all those are following in Ulysses' steps. But they have a deeper problem to face. Ulysses had only to destroy and run. They have to build. And if, with the burning stake of revolution, they blind the great eye of man, what is left but utter darkness and a numberless host of people lacking the fruits both of wisdom and of

By Ivor Brown

cunning; for the burning of one eye does not call the other into being. Ulysses' treatment of Polypheme was the stern reprisal of mythical morality: the revolutionary new-comer to the cave of civilisation cannot afford to be so hard and so relentless.

THE human eye evolved, we are told, by the growing influence of light upon a sensitive surface. The eye of wisdom, the orb of reason and the seat of judgment, cannot break in a moment from the blank wall of the face. Light must play patiently upon the sensitive surface. The Great Red Day of the revolutionary is worthless, unless humanity is ready for it. The mere anarchic outbursts of form-contemners achieve nothing positive in a world of super-formal art. Revolutions, in fact, can never be successful, until the need for them is past. But that does not mean that the idea of revolution lacks value. What is most desperately needed at the present day is insistence upon an entirely different attitude to life, a complete revision of moral and aesthetic values. That is the task of the real revolutionary in art, in thought, in economics. Where he sees commercialism careless slavery to catch-words, grossness and lack of perception, there he must toil at the hard and thankless task of revealing the opposite ideal, of showing the possibility of other beauties and of other goods. Merely to smash Science does not help Art nor does the assault upon machines bring Socialism nearer. The revolution that matters and counts is not the revolution of things, but of men, the uprooting not of machines but of ideas. Men must learn to feel deeply and permanently and not only fiercely and suddenly. Light, in fact, must play upon the sensitive surface.

ULYSSES had a difficult and dangerous task to blind the monster Polypheme. The task of the new-comer in man's cave is yet more formidable. Even though he would, he might not be able to blind the single eye of man, progressive. And why should he so venture? Why should he bring a new darkness upon the world? Science, machinery, modernity, all have their manifest gifts for us. Our task is to master them and to keep as servants what we as servants took. The road to that mastery is not a road of mere destruction: it is a road of creation. The creation of a new vision and of the small eyes of Wisdom—that is the challenge. To bring light so to bear upon the sensitive places of man's soul, callous now perhaps and blind, that a new organ of insight may emerge—that is the infinite burden of the adventurer. He has not to achieve the brief but terrific task of giant-killing: he has rather to assist in the slow and uncertain labours whereby beauty overcomes the beast.

MEDITATION

"LONELY LONGING"

BY

A.J. ROWAN HAMILTON

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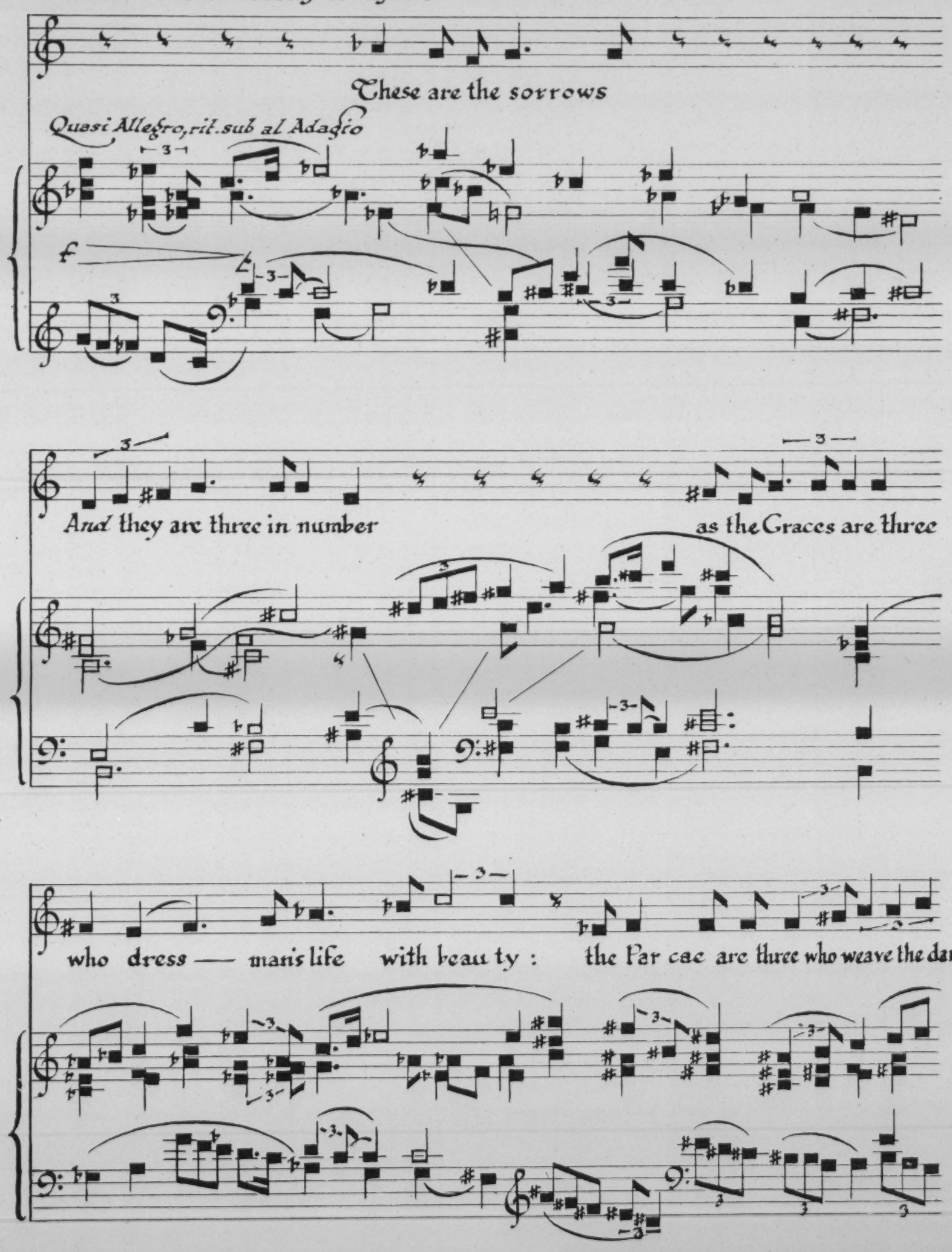
RHAPSODY

FROM THOMAS DE QUINCEY'S

LEVANA & OUR LADIES of SORROW

BY

B. van Dieren

"These ladies" - said I softly to myself
These are the sorrows
Quasi Allegro, rit. sub al Adagio
And they are three in number
as the Graces are three
who dress — man's life with beau ty :
the Par cae are three who weave the dark

arras of man's life— in their myster i ous loom, al - ways with colours sad in

part some-times an-gry with tragic crimson and

Ped..... Ped... Ped...

black; the Furies are three who vis it with retri

bution called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this: and

once even the mu - ses were but three, who fit the harp - the trum pet, or the

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lute, to the great ~ bur - den - of man's impassioned creat ~ ions

poco accentuate

These are the sorrows, all three of whom I

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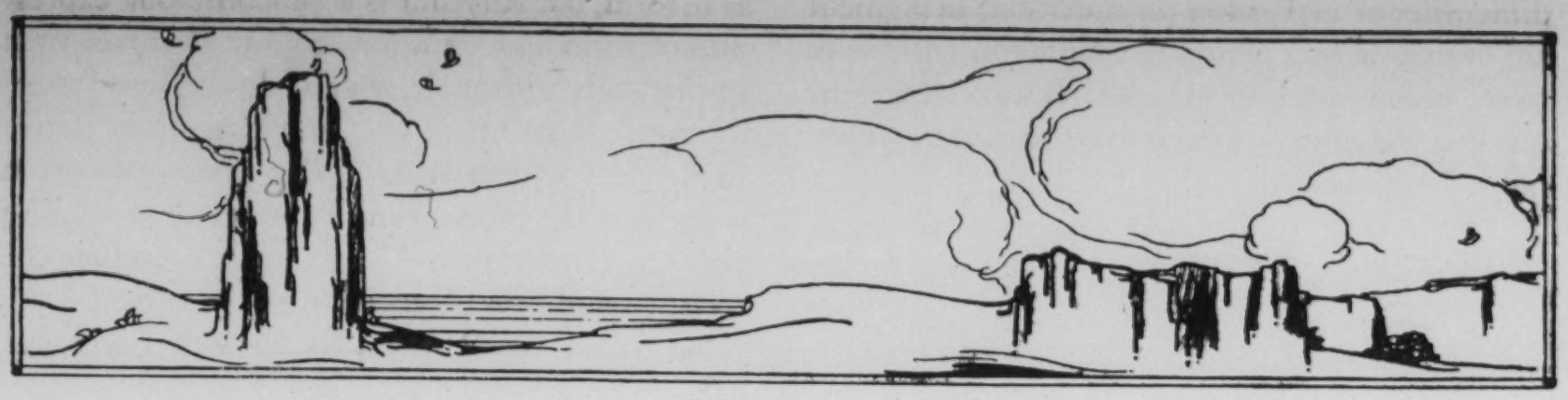


FORM & IDEA

A DIALOGUE

BY FRANCIS MARSDEN

A.

ELL, what is your idea about Form?

B. Oh, your all pervading humour, A! But if you wish I will venture a suggestion that Form infers finite shape.

A. Aha! and what does an infinite shape infer?

B. Perhaps chaos.

A. Good. Then Form and creation, in your opinion, are related.

B. Perfectly, but it is Idea which gives life. Form without idea is sterile. Form is the envelope and Idea the seed.

A. Then which was first, Form or Idea?

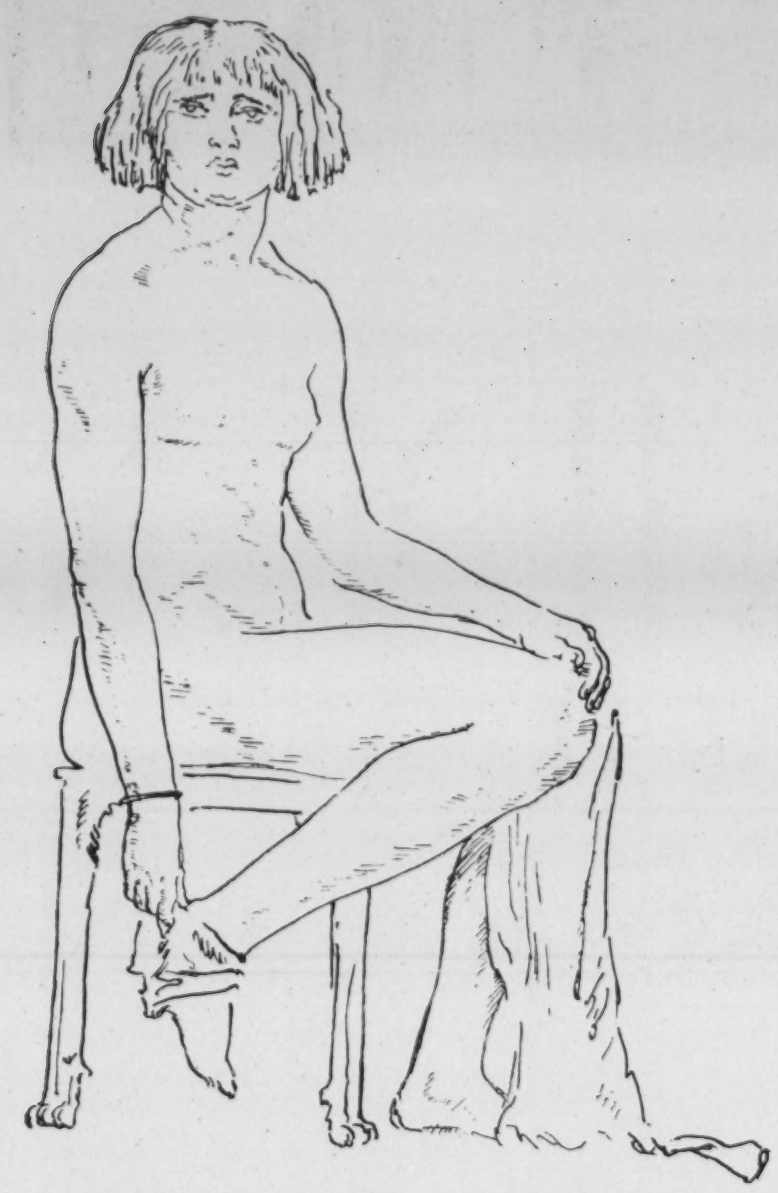
B. That is not our concern, this discussion is about the principles of Art, not on Humour or Metaphysics. Possibly the existence of Form implies idea, but if you will grant the premises thus far we may proceed with the analysis.

B. Then to proceed. The function of Form is, in Art, to express Idea. But what is Idea? Many good painters imitate objects seen, the Impressionists by scientific analysis of colour painted light and atmosphere.

B. In the most objective pictures Idea must enter, perhaps unconsciously. The technical

Form and Idea

difficulties of expression (or imitation) in pigment are overcome by a period of training in analysis of tone, colour and form. All pictures represent objects, but always (necessarily) selected and arranged in some fashion.



A. What of the Impressionists who only painted light in atmosphere?

B. They never attempted to evade or attack the ultimate problem of Form, but linked one form or object with another by reflections, and suggested recession by value, that is by increasing greyness. The actual Idea in their work led to this enthusiastic search for illumination and resulted in quite emotional colour. This proceeded to an effort to eliminate values in order that purer colours might be employed throughout the work.

A. Then Form is, you suggest, in some way allied to emotion?

B. I believe Form and emotion are linked together by Rhythm which is an expression of the universal sense of life, or if you prefer movement and relation. There are rhythms in colour as well as in form, but Rhythm is a subconscious expression of form and translates colour (if it can exist aesthetically without it, which I doubt) into formal relation. Rhythm is the universal and relative application of form in Art. The beating of a drum is perhaps the most primitive method of stirring emotion. Emotion and Idea together produce the ecstatic condition of aesthetic enjoyment.

A. What has Rhythm to do with Form and Idea?

B. Rhythm is Idea working in Form.

A. Then the sense of Rhythm is the artist's sense.

B. The artist is sensitive to all three and necessarily not to one alone and through them expresses his subject.

A. Does this mean that you think Art is subjective?

B. I believe that much of the artist's power lies in his memory, probably subconscious memory——

A. Yet all great artists have made very careful studies of natural forms as their sketches show.

B. Their sketches also show how little of the real force of expression they possessed came from copies of nature, but even in their sketches idea controlled and manipulated form.

A. Is Form more important than Idea?

B. I would not say so. The study of Form is long. Idea grows with us but easily and a consequence of effort in the study of Form; but the majority of Academic teachers look upon Form (and tone as part of its expression) as of such predominant importance that the unfortunate student is not permitted to see wood for trees and makes long series of stupid studies singularly like photographs and almost equally detached from art by a sort of mechanical uniform flatness. This moribund mass is presented in exhibitions galvanised into terrible twitchings by painfully earnest or deadly competent records of facts (not of truths) usually informed with prettiness (beauty they believe it to be) or with "problems" of little jokes or sentimental slobber.

A. True, but they do not matter any more than the occasional pickpocket affects the commercial progress of a great country.

B. But they do matter—they pick the majority of pockets. They do worse: they embezzle the cash and there is no court to prosecute. They are

by Francis Marsden

robber-barons fortified in the great and strong places of privilege. They have wrecked the progress of Art in a financial sense. Only persons of courage dare buy nowadays when hearing the recurring heavy slump of the Victorian thousand-pounder subject-pictures.

A. Now we have the opportunity to set the subject-picture and the subjective face to face. Why do you disapprove of one and not the other?

B. I do not disapprove of subjects at all, but I object to the injurious predominance of part of the material of the aesthetic expression. The subject is frequently Idea become inflated, bloated and decrepit or a false idea altogether, having a sentimental interest only. The absence of subject inforced as a law is just as misleading. That lines of certain relative curvature and spaces of certain proportion have an emotional significance has long been known, consciously or subconsciously, to artists. Certain bulging lines have a quite easily seen unpleasantness.

A. Then a conventional decoration, a carpet for instance, may be able to convey the emotion suggested by the designer.

B. Undoubtedly. Many of the Eastern designs are quite repugnant at first sight to the European. Time and habit, the influence of people savouring such emotion, leads to anacceptance of that which, before, seemed perverted in moral feeling. The rhythm of repeat or variation enters the general stock of emotion in the background of our psychology and its tendencies are possibly slightly affected.

A. Do you disapprove of the influence of these foreign designs on our Western psychology?

B. We in these days are not of the opinion of Plato* that foreign or unwholesome rhythms should be prohibited. Normally there is no greater difference than exists in a fresh and unexpected comment on public opinion, I think, and should offer no objection without further grounds for it. The danger lies in too free an acceptance of strange rhythms.

A. Then you believe that a carpet design may convey emotion?

B. The Rhythm of the design will, as I said, give a general moral sense but cannot associate thought and emotion with the same precision as the compact and close interrelation of Form and Idea in a work of Art.

*Republic, bk. iv.

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The Centaur's First Love
a woodcut by T. Sturge Moore

By
LEONARD SYRETT

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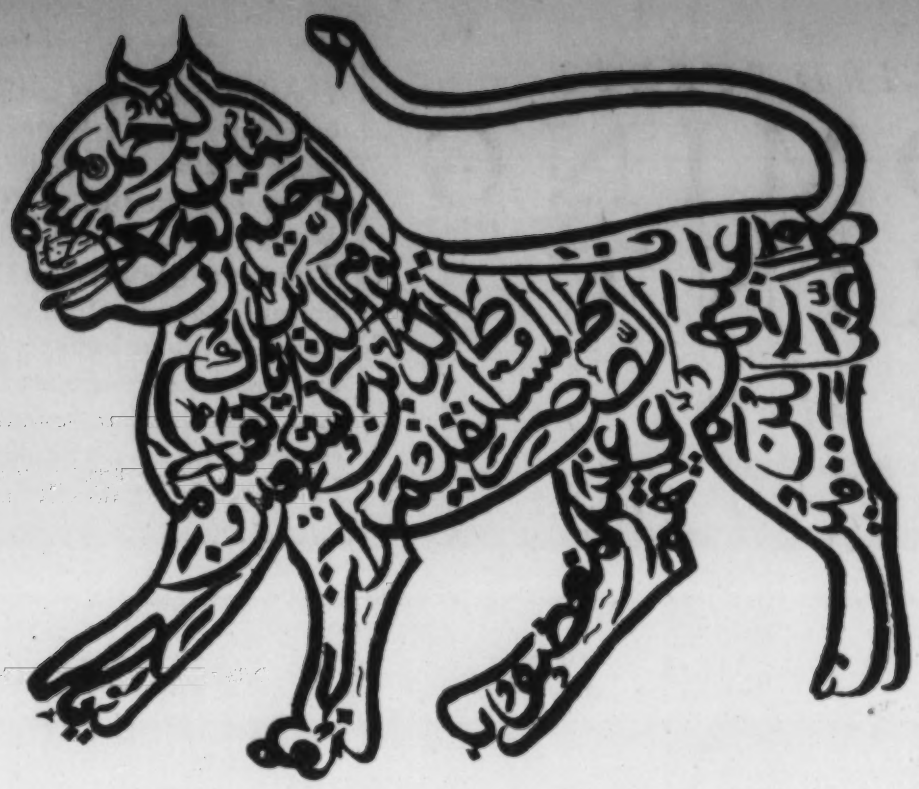

THE STUDY OF INDIAN ART

THE first number of FORM recommended to the attention of its subscribers THE JOURNAL OF INDIAN ART & INDUSTRY as a treasure-house of fine illustrations invaluable to all students and lovers of Indian Art. Notice was there given of the special arrangement by which, in order to give the readers of FORM a substantial proof of the claims made on behalf of THE JOURNAL OF INDIAN ART, a reprint of a coloured plate from the latter publication should be included in a future number of FORM.

The Editors of FORM now have the pleasure of early redeeming that promise. The fine plate which they here present is copied from the painting by the artist Madhu, senior, and is an illustration from the Wāq'iat-i-Bābarī, or Occurrences of Babar, (the Mogul Emperor and descendant of Tamerlane) who in 1526 established the Mogul Empire at Delhi.

The original is in the possession of the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum and was reproduced in THE JOURNAL OF INDIAN ART by permission of the Director.

The picture represents three combats going on at the same time. In the foreground two men are wrestling; behind them are two camels fighting furiously, and in the middle distance are two elephants which are, perhaps, less strenuously engaged in battle, as they are harnessed with ropes and under the control of the mahawats or drivers.

This plate appears in No. 134 of THE JOURNAL OF INDIAN ART, published in April of last year. The eleven other plates in this number contain sixteen reproductions of pictures in the magnificent Akbarnama exhibited in the above-named museum. These plates all illustrate the fascinating subject of Sport as represented in Indian Art, and the text is by the late Col. T. H. Hendley, C.I.E.

No. 135 is devoted to some fine unpublished Persian paintings with four of the reproductions in colours, and text by Prof. T. W. Arnold, C.I.E., Litt.D., while No. 136 deals with wood-carving in Guzerat as applied to house fronts (by Sir H. Evan M. James, K.C.I.E.) and South Indian Lamps (by Mr. O. C. Gangoly).

The Publishers regret that the curtailment of their Staff, shortage of paper, and not least, the difficulties of obtaining materials regularly from India and elsewhere, have so long delayed the preparation of the Journal, that No. 136, due in October last, is only now about to be published.

The next issue, No. 137, will be a DOUBLE NUMBER to appear in December of this year, and the price will be FIVE SHILLINGS net, post free.

The future of the Journal is, meanwhile, the subject of careful consideration. It is hoped that the return of peace will be signalized by an enlargement of its scope, a slightly altered form, and the adoption of a broader and less eclectic table of contents.

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